

PRICE 5 CENTS

The Jewel Consistency.
EDITOR BULLETIN:—

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The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage came here and was received with open arms by every member of the Central Union church without a break. But what lifted those members one and all, and caused them to swell with importance and stretch out about three inches taller, was when Rev. Talmage condescended to adorn with his presence the sanctuary standing close under the projecting eaves of the Hawaiian Hotel. Now, because the Rev. Dr. Talmage speaks the honest truth straight from the heart about the Queen and things here in general, the Advertiser, to its eternal disgrace, suddenly tries to make out that the doctor is tricky and rather devoid of character. At the same time, bear in mind, dear reader, that if the Rev. doctor had told a barrel of lies in support of the oligarchy, he would have been extolled to the third heavens by the Advertiser, as a second Father Abraham. The truth, is about the size of the consistency and reliability of the Advertiser folk; many times so proved since the 15th of January, 1893. What a pity it is that the Advertiser man will persist in mixing those pretty little funny stories with his ungentlemanly criticisms.

WAILUKU.

How to Turn Back the Clock.

"What time is it, Maggie?" said John, with an uneasy look, that he ought to be in his horseward way. "I'll go and look," she answered. Stepping quietly into the kitchen the girl pushed the clock hands back an hour, and returning, said, "It only half past nine by our clock; you can stay an hour longer."

So John stayed, for lovers are never eager to part and he needed no coaxing. The time passed merrily, however, and, at last, when Maggie's father, at his breakfast, having missed the train, he intended to journey by that day, wondered how the good old clock could have lost an hour in the night. But Maggie didn't explain. She meant to set it right again before going to bed, but forgot, which shows once more how everybody should remember that we cannot set back the clock, but we cannot set back the time.

All the same it is possible occasionally to regain lost things. It

woman's letter recently received, found this sentence; "They tell me I look ten years younger than I did." And if she told the truth, she looked exactly to all practical purposes ten years younger. For, although her clock face looks the same no matter what time it is, a human face does change with the conditions of the "works," or the life behind it.

The letter goes on thus: "In the spring of 1880 I felt weak and lost. I had a bad taste in the mouth and a thick slimy phlegm covered my mouth and tongue. I was sick in the morning, retching and vomiting. I was all fluid, and my complexion was the head and was very macry, but at times so bad I could hardly stand upon my feet. After eating the best food I had dreadful pains in my chest, and a tightness across my chest and sides. For hours together I have sat before the fire rubbing my chest to try and get relief. I had great pain in the left side and a tightness of the hear, and could get but little sleep at night on account

"Gradually I grew weaker and weaker until I could scarcely walk."

"Sometimes better and at other times worse; this was my general condition for ten years, during which long period of suffering I was treated by the doctor, and took every kind of medicine I could hear tel-

but got no better.
"In November, 1890, I read a
book of medicine called *Medicine*

book of medicine called "Seigel's Curative Syrup," and got a bottle from Mr. E. Banks, the chemist. After I had taken a few doses I found my food agreed with me better. I kept on with the Syrup and gradually gained strength. I became so thin and emaciated through all those years of suffering that it took time to fully restore me. But I am now in better health than ever in my life, and my recovery is due to Seigel's Curative Syrup.

has astonished my friends. Tell me I look ten years you

than I did for taking the Syrup. How I wish I had known of it sooner! My husband and I had given up all hope of my getting better, but none of us knew of either Seigel's Syrup.

for me, so as to benefit others.
I may publish this statement as
I think proper, and I will gladly

Thus was this good woman enabled—not to turn back her actual age, but what was better—to cover the priceless treasure of health, without which neither joy nor peace has any comfort. Her

Co. storage has any comfort. Her
ady was the same wretched in-
tion and dyspepsia, the curse of

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